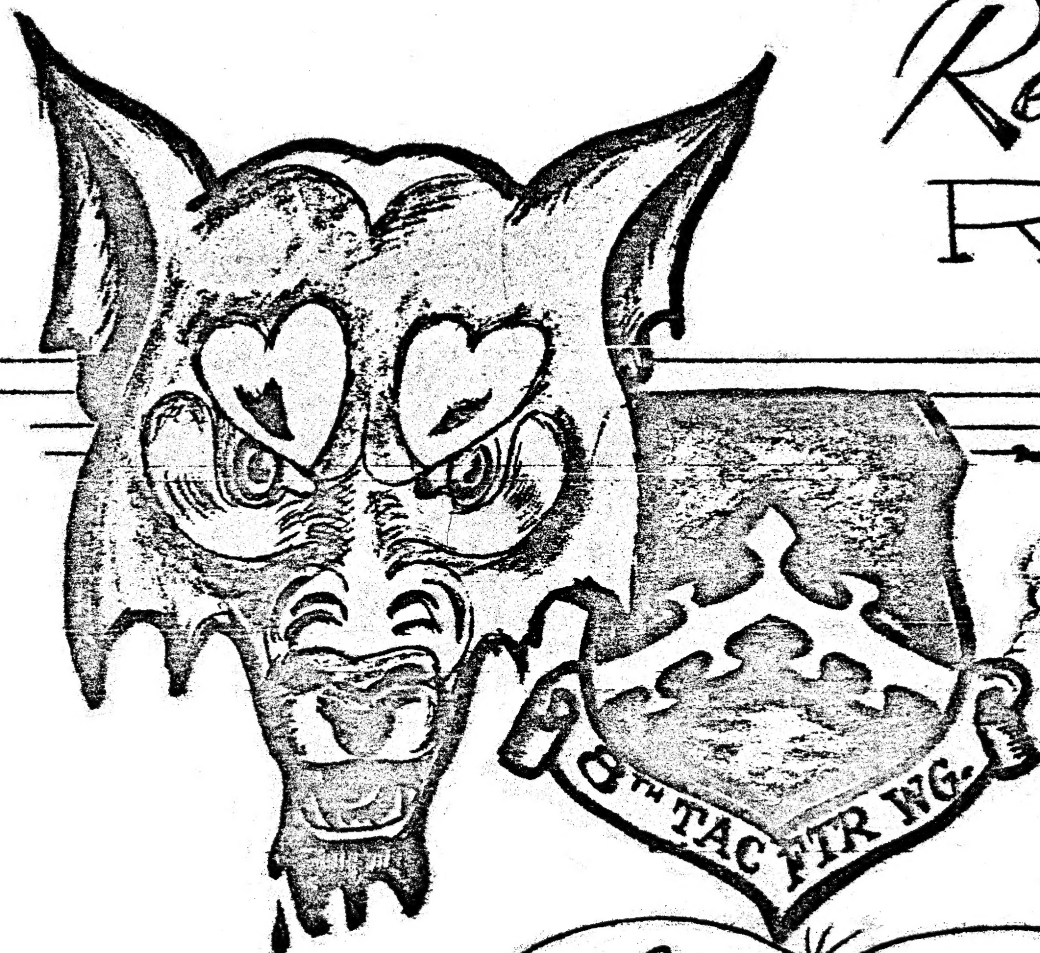


# Red River RATS



HYMNAL

Courtesy of the  
WOLF PACK

# THE YELLOW ROSE OF HANOI

Tune: The Yellow Rose of Texas

There's a yellow rose in Hanoi  
Who loves a fighter crew.  
She runs the Hanoi Hilton  
And she longs to welcome you.  
Her father's name is Ho Chi Minh  
He has a long goatee.  
And if you greet him nicely,  
He will let you stay for free.

CHORUS: Her eyes are shaped like almonds,  
And I'll give you a hunch,  
I don't want to meet her family,  
Cause they're a nasty bunch.  
It's fish heads and rice for breakfast  
And fish heads and rice for tea,  
But so long as they don't catch me,  
No fish heads and rice for me.

Oh, you may fly a Phantom,  
Or you may fly a Thud,  
But if you fly to Hanoi,  
Better listen to me Bud.  
You may talk of girls in Bangkok,  
Or Los Angeles and such,  
But the yellow rose of Hanoi  
Is just a bit too much.

CHORUS: And now my tour is all over  
I'll resume the life that I led.  
My wife thinks that its rather silly,  
To put sandbags around our bed.

# Da Nang Lullabye

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

CHORUS: Roll in, roll in,  
My God how the mortars roll in, roll in.  
Roll in, roll in,  
My God how the mortars roll in.  
I went off to Southeast Asia  
To fight my own war in the air.  
I've spent half my tour in a bunker,  
I don't think that its really fair.

## CHORUS:

Each day I go off to fly combat,  
Then have a beer when I return.  
I usually finish the first one,  
Before incoming rounds are heard.

## CHORUS:

Each morning we go off to combat,  
At dawn in the clouds, fog and rain.  
The Gyreens are up even sooner,  
To recapture the ramp at Da Nang.

## CHORUS:

And now my tour is all over  
I'll resume the life that I led.  
My wife thinks that its rather silly,  
To put sandbags around our bed.

## CHORUS:



Jolly Green Hymn

Tune: Marine Hymn

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

From the mountains of Mugia  
To the plains of Uncle Ho.  
Your Jolly Greens will grab you,  
No matter where you go.  
They will come in low across the trees,  
With very little gas.  
They will hang it out a mile, my boys,  
To save your rosy ass.

Ode to Robin Olds

Robin Olds is his name.  
Fighting MIGS is his game.  
He's got big balls of brass.  
He knocks MIGS on their ass.  
He leads his Wolf Pack great,  
Fighting, and fuck, shit, hate.  
Forty-five you've arrived,  
Go get number five.

The Battle of the Red River Valley

Tune: The Battle of New Orleans

From Ubon, Thailand we took a little trip  
Along with Robin Olds in a Phantom 4 ship  
We joined with the tanker and we took a little gas  
Then pressed up North For to kick the Commies' ass

CHORUS: Well, they shot their 85's and they  
shot their SAM Missiles  
And they sent up their MIGS where  
the flak couldn't go  
They tried like hell to knock down  
the Phantoms  
From the top of Thud Ridge to the  
Hootch of Uncle Ho

Ol' Robin said, We can take 'em by surprise  
We'll attack from above and cut 'em down to size  
Just follow my example and they'll fall like a  
rock  
If you save your missiles til we're in their  
six o'clock

CHORUS:  
Well, we tuned our AIM-9's and we tuned our  
AIM 7's  
And we turned on our pods and got a green light  
We punched off our tanks and we crossed the  
Red River  
Down Thud Ridge just itchin' for a fight.

CHORUS:

Ol' Ethan said they're West at 35  
So we took separation and really looked alive  
Then Robin said I've got a Tally Ho  
The Air Dot is centered so I'm gonna let 'em go

CHORUS: (Continued next page)

The Battle of Red River Valley - continued

Well the missiles went ballistic and was Robin  
ever pissed.  
You'd think twas the first time the old man ever  
missed.  
Robin went heat and made another pass  
A sidewinder missile went up the MIG's ass.

CHORUS:

Before dawned across the cold bare floor,  
Elided like cooking on the stove,  
The lucks kissing death the missile too,  
It's a helluva way to die you know.

Sweet life waiting for my tender kiss,  
Golly death date in my way,  
VC's roasting in an apocalyptic  
Helluva way to die.

Upstairs looking down a small side street,  
I dropped it low, but they went too slow,  
Helluva way to die.

VC making love near the bridge,  
The lucks eyes are all closed,  
Twenty miles-missed his ass,  
The luck screaming go, go, go.

Wolf Pack sends greetings from old Robin Olds,  
Charlie joined him over there,  
We'll carry on the story will be bright,  
Over the horizon tonight.

Battle Hymn of the 85mm Gunner

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the Gloyr of the coming of  
the force  
And Uncle Ho has yelled and cussed and screamed  
till he is hoarse.  
"Go out and man your guns my boys you have a job  
to do"  
The Thuds are coming in.

CHORUS: Gory, gory what a helluva way to die  
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die  
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die  
I don't want to fight no more.

Now as the Thuds are getting close, beside my gun  
I stand.  
We all should feel quite proud to stand in defense  
of this land.  
But getting my ass blown to bits is not what I  
call grand.  
The Thuds are coming in.

CHORUS:

There's 750's all around, the sky is full of shit  
And smoke and dust and arms and legs; don't like  
it one damn bit.  
If they miss me this last time I think that I  
shall quit.  
The Thuds are coming in.

CHORUS:

We got hit and now are down below in Commie hell  
Each day they scare us pissless in a way we know  
so well  
Our Commie Satin he stand up; you hear that  
bastard yell  
The Thuds are coming in.

CHORUS:



## WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

We've been working on the railroad  
Every fucking day.  
We've been working on the railroad,  
Up Thai Nguyen way.

Uncle Ho ain't got no railroad,  
No rolling stock or switches,  
But Seventh frags us on the railroad,  
Those dirty sons of bitches.

SAM's galore, 57's too,  
85's will scragg your old Yazoo!  
Fuck, Shit, Hate, Shit Hot too  
So what the hell is new.

Someone's up a tree on Thud Ridge,  
Someone's in the drink I know o-o-o-o  
Someone's in the karst near Hoa Lac,  
Shouting on the radio.

Shouting, Fee, Fi Fiddly-i-oh  
Fee, Fi Fiddly-i-oh, oh, oh, oh  
Fee, Fi Jolly Green Oh  
Only 99 more to go.

I had a dream I was a soldier  
I had a dream I was a soldier  
I had a dream I was a soldier  
I had a dream I was a soldier

## #1 Clismas Song Tune:

Chestnuts roasting on a Thailand fire,  
Bull frogs singing in the choir,  
Samlars singing Ho, Ho, Ho,  
It's Melly Clismas you know.

Geicos crawling across the cold bare floor,  
Flied lice cooking on the stove,  
Tee Lucks kissing neath the mistle toe,  
It's Melly Clismas you know.

Sweet lips waiting for my tender kiss,  
Garlic breath gets in my way,  
VC's roasting in an napalm fire.  
Melly Clismas Uncle Ho.

Cripples limping down a small side street,  
Napalm rising at their feet,  
I dropped it low, but they went too slow,  
Melly Clismas dear Ho.

VC making love near rice paddy,  
Tee Lucks eyes are all aglow,  
Twenty mike-mikes up his ass,  
Tee Luck screaming go, go, go.

Wolf Pack sends greetings from old Robin Olds,  
Chappie joined him over there,  
We'll carry on, the stars will be bright,  
Over Ubon Rjachtani tonight...

**The Happy Refueler**  
Tune: The Happy Wanderer

Each day we go a wandering  
Along your tanker track.  
And invert tells us with a smile,  
You passed them ten miles back.

**CHORUS:** Breakaway, breakaway, breakaway,  
Breakaway, breakaway, breakaway,  
Breakaway, breakaway, breakaway,  
We hear the boomers cry.

The 52's will win the war  
We gather from reports,  
I'd trade one little tanker crew  
For a wing of Stratoforts.

**CHORUS:**  
We deploy across the seas  
To lands both near and far,  
Your navigator pleads with us  
To tell him where we are.

**CHORUS:**  
If you weren't here to fight the war  
I heard a pilot said  
This would a boring job  
We'd never cross the Red

**CHORUS:**

**The Green Beret**

Hey there fella, in the green beret,  
After this day you can truly say  
That ole Charlie died in the blast  
And the Mini gun has saved your ass.

**CHORUS:** Escalators of the war,  
As the afterburners roar.  
Air Force flyers of the sky,  
Charlie Cong, prepare to die.

Paratroopers with sining boots;  
Funny clothes and silk parachutes,  
The average troop, so young and fair,  
When there's trouble, they call for Air.

**CHORUS:**  
Stout leg soldiers on the ground,  
Watching centuries fly around,  
Keep you head turned to the sky,  
That's why today you did not die.

**CHORUS:**  
Hey there sailor on the sea,  
Bow you head, it's the F-4C.  
While ole Charlie goes up in smoke,  
Drink up Swabbie and finish you coke.

**CHORUS:**  
Watch our Charlie, check you "six"  
There's a napalm cocktail, here's the mix.  
For we are out to get your ass,  
And leave it there in the elephant grass.

**CHORUS:**



Song of the Wolf Pack  
Tune Ghost Riders In The Sky

Oh pilots of the Wolf Pack  
Go to the briefing room  
The mission is a good one  
To the MIGS it will mean doom  
We're going up to Hanoi  
To Kep and Phuc Yen too  
To write our bloody record  
In the annals of the blue

We take off in our Phantoms  
To play our deadly cards  
The engines make our thunder  
And our eyes are steely hard  
We're on the way to battle  
The forces of the foe  
We're certain to destroy them  
We'll seek them high and low.

We battle today, and make our kills  
The Wolf Pack in the sky

We cycle through the tanker  
The tension starts to rise  
We go to meet our destiny  
Awaiting in the skies  
We tune and arm our missiles  
As we streak across the black  
Our boss is in the forefront  
Leading the Wolf Pack

We're showing on their radar  
Their hearts are full of hate  
They rise to meet the challenge  
To meet their bloody fate  
They're headed for disaster  
As any fool can tell  
They dare to face the Wolf Pack  
We'll shoot them clear to hell

Continued next page

Song of the Wolf Pack (Continued)

We battle today, and make our kills  
The Wolf Pack in the Sky  
Wolf Pack lead says "Contact"  
They're MIGS, a flight of two  
I'm too close for the sparrow  
The sidewinder will do  
I'll roll into the six o'clock  
Behind the trailing MIG  
And let him have a missile  
Just like a fiery GAG

Oh other flights engaged more MIGS  
Hot action filled the air  
The Wolf Pack's lust was sated  
Before heading for their lair  
The enemy won't soon forget  
The awesome deadly toll  
As the 8th Wing troops return to base  
And make their victory rolls  
We battle today and make our kills  
The Wolf Pack in the sky.

**Wolf Pack Fighting Song**  
Tune: Cornell Song

Contact joy stick back  
Roaring thru the blue  
We are the men of the Great Eighth Wing  
Fighters tried and true  
We are the heroes of the night  
To hell with the Commies' might  
Bold brave Wolf Pack  
Defenders of the right

Drink a toast to all the Wolf Pack  
To those daring men  
May they always win the battle  
Live to fight again

For we are rulers of the blue  
MIG killing, wrecking crew  
Fight, fight, fight, fight  
Fighting Wolf Pack true.

CHORUS:

-8-7-

Our leaders

Tune: Manner

At Phillips Range in Kansas  
The leaders all had the knack  
But now that we're in combat,  
We got Colonels on our back,  
And every time we say "sit tight"  
Or whistle in the bar,  
We have to answer to somebody,  
Looking for a star.

CHORUS: Our leaders, our leaders  
Our leaders is what they always say,  
But it's bullshit, it's bullshit,  
It's bullshit they feed us every day.

Today we had a hot one,  
And the leaders were scared as hell,  
They ran to meet us with a bang,  
And said that we were swell,  
But hee hee told the G.D.A.,  
And said we missed a trip,  
Now well teach all kinds of hell,  
From whistle to seven air.

CHORUS:

They send us out in bunches,  
To bomb a bridge and die,  
These tactics are for bombers,  
That our leaders used to fly,  
The big picture shows us,  
And that is why I guess  
We have to leave our thinking  
To the wheels in J.C.S.

CHORUS:

(Continued)



Our Leaders

Tune: Manana

At Phillips Range in Kansas  
The jocks all had the knack  
But now that we're in combat,  
We got Colonels on our back,  
And every time we say shit hot,  
Or whistle in the bar,  
We have to answer to somebody,  
Looking for a star.

CHORUS: Our leaders, our leaders  
Our leaders is what they always say,  
But it's bullshit, it's bullshit,  
It's bullshit they feed us every day.

Today we had a hot one,  
And the jocks were scared as hell,  
They ran to meet us with a beer,  
And said that we were swell,  
But Recce told the D.D.A.  
And said we missed a hair,  
Now we'll catch all kinds of hell,  
From wheels at Seventh Air.

CHORUS:

They send us out in bunches,  
To bomb a bridge and die,  
These tactics are for bombers,  
That our leaders used to fly.  
The Big Pictures evades us,  
And that is way I guess  
We have to leave our thinking  
To the wheels in J.C.S.

CHORUS:

(Continued)

Our Leaders (Continued)

The J.C.S. are generals,  
And they're not always right,  
Sometimes they have to think it over,  
Well in to the night.  
When they have a question,  
Or something they can't hack,  
They have to leave the judgement  
To that money saving Mac.

CHORUS:

Now Mac's job is in danger,  
For he's on salary too.  
To be the final say so,  
I something he can't do.  
Before we fly the mission,  
And everythings O.K.  
He has to get permission  
From Flight Leader L.B.J.

CHORUS:

-7-8-

# A Pilot In A Tall Tree

Tune: The Twelve Days of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas

My C. O. gave to me

A Pilot in a tall tree

On the second day of Christmas

My C. O. gave to me

Two big GAM's

And a pilot in a tall tree

On the third day of Christmas

My C. O. gave to me

Three fuel tanks

Two big GAM's

And a pilot in a tall tree

On the fourth day of Christmas

My C. O. gave to me

Four GAR Eights

Three fuel tanks

Two big GAM's

And a pilot in a tall tree

On the fifth day of Christmas

My C. O. gave to me

---Five---MIG's -- to -- chase

Four GAR Eights

Three fuel tanks

Two big GAM's

And a pilot in a tall tree

On the sixth day of Christmas

My C. O. gave to me

Six SAM's a singing

--Five--MIG's -- to -- chase

Four GAR Eights

Three fuel tanks

Two big GAM's

And a pilot in a tall tree

(Continued)

# A Pilot in a Tall Tree (Continued)

On the seventh day of Christmas

My C. O. gave to me

Seven days of rest

Six SAM's a singing

--Five--MIG's -- to -- chase

Four GAR Eights

Three fuel tanks

Two big GAM's

And a pilot in a tall tree

On the eighth day of Christmas

My C. O. gave to me

Eight Seven-Fifties

Seven days of rest

Six SAM's a singing

--Five--MIG's -- to -- chase

Four GAR Eights

Three fuel tanks

Two big GAM's

And a pilot in a tall tree.



# Flak Showers

Tune: April Showers

Although flak showers may come your way,  
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say  
"My fuel in BINGO, I'm going home  
So if you want to stay and fight you may  
Stay and fight alone.  
I've added throttle, I'm on my way  
I'll live to come back some other day.  
So keep on strafing that position  
And knock it out for me  
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see."

# You Can Tell A Fighter Pilot

Tune: My Eyes Have Seen the Glory

By thering around his eyeball,  
You can tell a bombardier.  
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread around  
his rear.  
You can tell a navigator by his sextants, maps  
and such.  
You can tell a fighter jockey, but you cannot  
tell him much!

# Big Eye

Tune: You Are My Sunshine

You are my Big Eye, my only Big Eye,  
You guide my fighters  
When skies are grey  
I chase your bogies from here to Hanoi  
Just to find they have gone the other way.

The other days boys, as I was flying,  
I heard Big Eye Controller say:  
"I've got a bogie down by Hanoi,  
Won't you head your jet that-a-way?"

He said he had me in radar contact,  
And I believed him like a dope,  
I flew to Hanoi - and still no bogie,  
He had chased a fly across the scope!

You were my Big Eye, my only Big Eye,  
How could you let me down this way?  
My chute was swingin' - they heard me singin'  
Won't you take that Big Eye away?

## Napalm

Tune: Good Ship Titanic

It was up by Hanoi where the Red meets the sea  
I was out on a recce to see what I could see  
When I spied a farmer man with his pitchfork in  
his hand,  
It was sad when my napalm went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh, it was sad  
It was sad when my napalm went down (hit  
the farmer)  
There were husbands and wives  
Itty bitty children lost their lives  
It was sad when the napalm went down.

It was up by Dong Hoi where I won my DFC  
I was out on a recce to see what I could see.  
When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go.  
It was sad when those rockets went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh, it was sad  
It was sad when those rockets went down  
(hit the steeple)  
All the people ran like hell,  
When those rockets hit the bell,  
It was sad when those rockets went down.

It was up by Thi Nuyen when I knew that I was through  
The 37's & 57's had shot my turbine through.  
It was when I hit the silk-Oh, my God, I strained  
my milk!

It was sad when that pilot went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh, it was sad  
It was sad when that pilot went down (hit  
the bottom)  
There were husbands and wives  
Itty bitty children lost their lives  
It was sad when that pilot went down.

## Ting-A-Ling

Beside a Vietnam waterfall  
One bright and sunny day  
Beside his shattered fighter  
A young pursuitor lay  
His parachute hung from a nearby tree  
He was not yet quite dead  
So listen to the very last words  
This young pursuitor said:

"I'm going to a better land  
Where everything is right  
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles  
There's poker every night  
There's not a fucking thing to do  
But sit around and sing  
Where girls are really women  
Oh, death where is thy sting?"

Oh, death where is they sting-a-ling-a-ling  
Oh, death where is they sting?  
The bells of hell will ring-a-ling-a-ling  
For you but not for me.....so;

Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass  
Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass  
Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass  
Better days are coming by and by.



# The Mouse

The liquor was spilled on the bar room floor,  
And the bar was closed for the night,  
When out of a hole came a little brown mouse  
And sat in the pale moonlight  
He lapped up the liquor on the bar room floor  
And back on his haunches he sat  
And all night long you could hear him roar:  
"Bring on that God Damned Cat"

# Whiffenpoof

From a hootch in Southeast Asia  
To the place where aces dwell  
To the bars in old home base  
We know so well  
See the fighter jocks assemble  
With their glasses raised on high  
In a toast to a comrade who just fell

We will throw our glasses wildly  
And throw our bombs as well  
Til the finks at 7th Air Force go to hell.

We are poor fighter jocks who  
Have lost our way, help, help, help  
We flew to the town of Hanoi today, help, help,  
help.

Steely eyed pilots up in the blue  
Lead got zapped by a SA-2  
Let's hawl ass or he'll get us too  
AB now.

-12-

Air Corps Lament

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

My eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the  
fighting sky.  
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for  
nothing but to fly.  
But now these hearts are grounded and those days  
are long gone by,  
The Air Force has gone to Hell.

CHORUS: Glory--flying regulations have them read  
at every station  
Crucify the man who breaks them  
The Air Force has gone to Hell

My bones have felt their pounding thump a hundred  
thousand strong.  
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly  
wrong.  
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song.  
The Air Force has gone to Hell.

CHORUS: ~~Glory--flying regulations have them read~~

I have seen them in their T-bolts when their eyes  
were dancing flame..  
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted  
Goering's name.  
But now they fly like sissies and hang their heads  
in shame.  
Their spirits shot to Hell.

CHORUS:

They flew their rugged Thunderjets through a living  
hell of flak.  
And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring  
them back,  
But now they all play Ping Pong in the Operations  
Shack  
Their technique's gone to Hell.

CHORUS: ? Continued next page

Air Corps Lament (Continued)

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the  
Liberators, too,  
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails  
in the blue.  
But now the skies are empty and our planes are  
wet with dew,  
And we can't fly them for Hell.

CHORUS: ~~at the moment a leading have any ever~~

You heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings  
of polished steel,  
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart  
could feel,  
But now the L-5 charms you with a moanin',  
groanin' squeal,  
And it will not climb for Hell.

CHORUS: ~~I now want like this can have again~~

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang the  
fighting song,  
About the wild blue yonder in the days when  
men were strong.  
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may  
do wrong.  
The Air Force has gone to Hell.

CHORUS: ~~they don't follow you either wings and~~

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played the  
angel's game.  
We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled our  
way to fame.  
But now that's all VERBOTEN and we're all so  
gosh-darn tame,  
Our spirit's shot to Hell.

CHORUS: ~~at the moment a leading have any ever~~

Continued next page.



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gosh-darn tame,  
Our spirit's shot to Hell.

CHORUS: Continued next page

Air Corps Lament (Continued)

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap,  
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap,  
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of  
that  
Or you will burn in Hell.

CHORUS:

Have you ever climbed a Phantom up to where the air  
is thin?  
Have you stuck her long nose down just to hear the  
screaming din?  
Have you tried to do it lately?  
Better not -- you'll auger in.  
And then you'll sure catch Hell.

CHORUS:

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the  
days of old.  
When pilots took their choice of being old or  
"young and bold".  
Alas, I have no choice and I will live to be quite  
old.  
The Air Force has gone to Hell.

CHORUS:

But smile awhile my pilot, though your eyes may  
still be wet,  
Someday we'll meet in heaven where the rules have  
not been set.  
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and  
really let  
The Air Force fly like Hell.

CHORUS: Glory -- no more regulations,  
Rip them down at every station,  
Ground the guy that tries to make one.  
And let us fly like Hell.

Bosom Buddies

A fighter pilot lay dying  
The medics had left him for dead  
Around him women were crying  
And these are the words that he said:

Why did I join the Air Force?  
Mother, dear Mother knew best.  
Here I lay under the wreckage,  
An F-4 all over my chest.

Take the dive brakes out of my kidneys,  
Take the buckets out of my brain,  
Take the throttle out of my shinbone,  
And assemble that Phantom again.

CHORUS: We are the boys who fly high in the sky.  
Bosom buddies while boozin'  
We are the lads that they send out to die;  
Bosom buddies while boozin'

There in the hangar they sing and they  
shout  
They talk about things they know nothing  
about.  
We are the boys who fly high in the sky.  
Bosom buddies while boozin'



## I Wanted Wings

I wanted wings till I got the God Damn things  
Now I don't want them anymore.  
They taught me how to fly,  
And they sent me here to die,  
I've had a bellyful of war,  
You can save those God Damn zeros for the God Damn  
heroes,  
Cause Distinguished Flying Crosses  
Do no compensate for losses -- Buster

CHORUS: I wanted wings till I got the God Damn things  
Now I don't want them anymore.

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames,  
Air combat spelled romance, but it made me wet my  
pants,  
I'm not a fighter I have learned  
You can save those messerschmitzes  
For the other sons of bitches  
Cause I'd rather --- a woman than be shot down by a  
Grumman. -- Buster

CHORUS:

I'm too young to die in a damned old PBV  
That's for the eager not for me  
I don't trust my luck to be picked up in a duck  
After I've crashed into the sea  
Oh I'd rather be a bellhop than a flyer on a flat top  
With my hand around a bottle, not around a God Damn  
throttle -- Buster

CHORUS:

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## I Wanted Wings (Continued)

I don't want to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr  
Flak always makes my loose my lunch  
I get no hey-hey when they holler bombs away  
I'd rather be home with the bunch  
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off that is?  
When they shoot your ---- off.  
Oh, I'd rather come home buster, with my ----  
than with a cluster, -- Buster

CHORUS:

I don't fly for fun in a P-dash five crash one  
Blazing a patch for Patton's tank  
My wife don't want insurance and I'm not out for  
endurance,  
I'd rather go to Paris and spend France  
In England it was blitzes and in France it is  
Messerschmitzes  
Oh, I feel like such a sucker when my --- starts to  
pucker -- sucker

CHORUS:

They fed us lousy chow but we stayed alive somehow.  
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew,  
What will they think of next, they'll be dehydrating  
sex,  
On that day I'll tell the coach I'm through  
Oh, I really love my bumpin and I like to do my  
pumpin,  
But I'd rather C\_\_\_ with chowder than to C\_\_\_  
with hunks of powder -- Buster

CHORUS:

## If You Fly

CHORUS: Did you go BOOM today?  
Did you go BOOM today?  
Two more blew up yesterday  
G.E. ain't here to stay.

If you fly an Eighty-nine  
You must be deaf, dumb and blind  
For your life ain't worth a dime,  
What's your scheduled blow up time?

If you fly a ninety-four  
You will never holler no more,  
For your lot we do not pine  
It's better than an Eighty-nine.

CHORUS:

If you fly an Eighty-six  
You will really get your kicks  
Bouncing those sub-sonic boys  
Playing with their radar toys.

CHORUS:

If you fly a 101  
Tell yourself its really fun  
One day it will pitch up with you  
And you will wish you never flew

CHORUS:

If you fly a 102  
Don't go up unless its blue  
For if you feel one drop of rain  
You'll be in pieces not a plane.

CHORUS:

Continued next page

## If You Fly (Continued)

If you fly a 104  
The whole world flocks to your door  
Range is short, the wings don't last  
But golly it sure does fly fast

CHORUS:

If you fly a Thunderchief  
You will soon shake like a leaf  
Flying it may make you sick  
It handles like a great big brick

CHORUS:

If you fly a Phantom two  
You're flying days will soon be through  
It flies at twice the speed of sound  
If you can get it off the ground

CHORUS:

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On Top Of Old Thud Ridge

Tune: On Top Of Old Smokey

On top of old Thud Ridge

All covered with flak

I lost my poor wing man

He'll never get back

For flying is a pleasure

And dying a grief,

And a quick triggered Commie

Is worse than a thief

For a thief will just rob you

And take all you save

But a quick triggered Commie

Will send you to the grave

The grave will decay you

And turn you to dust

Not a Commie in a thousand

Can an old F-4 trust.

Now when the bad weather

Keeps the ships down

All day we can hear this

Horrible sound:

"Attention all pilots

Now listen to this

There'll be a short meeting

That you dare not miss."

They'll give us some lectures

Then give us some more,

But we have all heard them

Twenty-five times or more.

Continued next page

On Top Of Old Thud Ridge (Continued)

Now listen you trainees

You can't fight the group

Whatever they tell you

Is superfluous poop.

Now the moral of this story

Is easy to see

Don't go to Haiphong

Or old Quang Khe

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## ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

I wish little girls were like little white rabbits,  
And I were a buck and I'd teach them bad habits

CHORUS: Oh roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over  
Oh roll your leg over, it's better than way

I wish all young girls were like statues of Venus  
And I were a man with a petrified penis

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like bats in a steeple  
And I were a bat there'd be more bats than people

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like mountain road passes  
And I were a sports car I'd buzz all their asses

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like diamonds and rubies  
And I were a jeweler I'd polish their boobies

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like B-29's and I were  
a Fighter pilot, I'd buzz their behinds

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like strawberry patches  
And I were a farmer I'd harvest their snatches.

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like fish in a pool.  
And I were a shark with a water proof tool.

CHORUS:

Continued next page

## Roll Your Leg Over (Continued)

I wish all young girls were like fish in the ocean  
And I were a wave I'd show them the motions.

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like trees in a forest  
And I were a woodsman I'd split their Clitoris

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like bricks in a pile  
And I were a mason I'd lay them in style

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like mares in a stable  
And I were a groom I'd mount all I was able

CHORUS:



## JOLLY, JOLLY ENGLAND

CHORUS: Oh, I don't want to be a pilot  
I don't want to go to war  
Just want to hang around Piccadilly  
on the ground  
Livin' off the earnings of me high born  
lady

Monday I touched her on the ankle,  
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,  
Wednesday success; I lifted up her dress,  
Thursday her chemise I did see,  
Now, Friday I put my hand on it,  
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak, tweak, tweak  
It was Sunday after supper I shoved the old boy up 'er  
And now she earns me seven and six a week, cor' blimey

### CHORUS:

I don't want a bullet up me arse hole,  
I don't want me buttocks shot away.  
I just want to stay in England, in jolly, jolly  
England.  
And fornicate me bloody life away.

### CHORUS:

Send out the members of the home guard  
They'll keep England free  
You can send out your brother, your sister and  
your mother  
But for God sakes don't send me

## AIR FORCE SONG

WILLIAM REVIE GEM

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder  
Climbing high, into the sun  
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder  
At 'em boys, give her the gun.  
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,  
Off with one hell of a roar,  
We live in fame, or go down in flame,  
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.  
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast  
the vastness of the sky.  
To a friend we send a message of  
His brother men who fly,  
We drink to those who gave their all of old  
As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold  
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast  
the U. S. Air Force.

## RED RIVER VALLEY

To the valley he said he was flying,  
And he never saw the medal that he earned,  
Many jocks have flown into the valley,  
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission,  
Tonight at the bar TEAK flight will sing,  
But we're going to the Red River Valley,  
And today you are flying my wing.

Oh the flak is so thick in the valley,  
That the MIG's and the missiles we don't need.  
So fly high and down sun in the valley,  
And guard well the ass of TEAK lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the valley,  
And the briefing that I gave you don't heed,  
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton,  
And it's fish heads and rice for TEAK lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley,  
In the states it had always been fun,  
But with thunder and lightning all around us,  
T'was the last A.A.R. for TEAK one.

When he came to a bridge in the valley,  
He saw a duty that he couldn't shun,  
For the first to roll in on the target,  
Was my leader old TEAK number One.

Oh, he flew through the flak toward the target,  
With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead,  
But he never pulled out of his bomb run,  
T'was fatal for another TEAK lead.

So come and sit by my side at the briefing,  
We will sit there and tickle the beads,  
For we're going to the Red River Valley,  
And my call sign today is TEAK lead.